

Lazy Sunday by TheOlderDixonBoy

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Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Reader, You

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper & Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper & You, Jim "Chief" Hopper/You, jim "chief" hopper x reader, jim "chief" hopper x you

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Summary:

Waking up with Hopper on a cold morning.

Lazy Sunday

You woke early on a freezing Sunday morning in Hawkins, grateful for the man sleeping next to you keeping you warm. You were wearing his flannel shirt, leaving Jim shirtless and just in his underwear, but were happy to have his body heat in his small bed to keep you warm. You nestled your body into Jim's, pressing your back into his chest and your ass into his hips. When you felt the unmistakable morning wood Jim had, you couldn't help but smile and grind yourself up against it. A few seconds later you felt Jim stir behind you.

"Ya keep doing that to it, I'm gonna make you take it," Jim grumbled, against your back.

"Oh no, that'd be awful," you said sarcastically, continuing to press your ass into his erection.

"Shut up," he mumbled against you. He was still very much asleep.

Jim moved one of his large hands to grab your hip and pull him into you more. He started to shift his weight up against you, slowly and lazily grinding himself against your ass. He nestled his chin against your back, his beard tickling your skin and making you laugh. He peppered kisses along your shoulder blades and up to your neck, sucking at the skin just beneath your earlobe.

You relaxed your head into your pillow and let Jim continue you kiss you. It was mornings like this that made you realize just how much you enjoyed being with the chief. The way he'd hold onto you, and kiss you, it always made you feel so wanted. It would not surprise you if he continued his lazy movements and sweet, increasingly sloppy kisses for the rest of the morning if you didn't stop him. You moved your body away from Jim, causing the man to groan pathetically at the loss of you up against his body.

"Come back," he groaned, not even bothering to open his eyes.

His arms that had been around you rested stretched out on the bed where you had just been. Once he noticed you hadn't come back at

his request he opened his eyes and saw you standing on the side of the bed just wearing one of his flannels and a pair of underwear.

“Come on, get back here,” he said a little clearer this time.

“We have to get up and start the day,” you said. “We have errands.”

“Fuck errands,” Jim groaned loudly. “Sunday’s aren’t for errands.”

“Sunday’s are exactly for errands,” you shot back.

“Sunday’s are rest days,” Jim answered. The more he spoke the more he woke up. “Get back in bed with me.”

“And do what?” You asked. You stood by the side of the bed with your hands over your chest.

Hopper lifted his head to look at you, only one eye open, his hair pushed into five different directions and sticking on end. He looked so perfectly disheveled.

“And ya know,” Jim said with a sigh. He was too tired to mince words. “Have sex with me. I’m hard.”

“You’re always hard in the morning,” you said, but you got back into the bed and snuggled up next to Jim.

You wrapped your arms around his neck and groaned happily when he wrapped his arms around your waist and pulled you in to kiss you.

“It’s your fault I’m hard,” Jim teased between kisses. “Sleeping next to you, it does stuff to a man.”

You just laughed softly and continued to kiss Jim, moving your tongue into his mouth to brush lightly against his.

“Take this off,” Jim groaned into your mouth as he unbuttoned his flannel from your body.

“So needy in the morning, huh Chief?” You teased but did as he asked.

Jim moved his down down to begin kissing your chest down between the valley of your breasts, his beard tickling your sensitive skin. He moved slow, the warmth of his skin spread out all over yours. He began to caress one of your breasts with his hand, his fingers tugging softly at your nipple, turning it into a stiff peak before moving onto the other.

You ran your hand through Jim's hair and laughed at his fascination with your breasts. He looked up at you with a wicked grin on his face and pinched your nipple between his finger, making you squeak, before rolling it softly between his fingers again, and making you moan and melt into his bed more.

"Jim, come here," you moaned and reached out to cup his face in your hands and pull him up to kiss you.

He moved his body up to yours and kissed you again, his kisses becoming more urgent as he woke up.

He moved one of his hands down to tug off your underwear halfway down your thighs and you wiggled the rest of the way out of it. Waiting no time, Jim started to run his fingers up your thigh to where your legs met, pushing your legs open with his hand before running his fingers through your folds. You rocked your hips into him, and moved your hands down his chest to his boxers to slip those off of him. Once they were to his mid thigh, he rolled you over so he ended up on top of you and between your legs.

He grunted deeply when he shifted position so his cock pressed against your wet folds. Once he was satisfied you were ready for him, he removed his hand from between your legs to guide himself into you. You arched your hips up and moaned when you felt him enter you, the deep, warm feeling of being filled by Jim never ceasing to make you grin.

Once he had entered you completely, he began to grind his hips against yours, slowly moving in and out of you and keeping a steady, even pace with his body. You moaned underneath him, gripping his back and meeting the movement of his hips with your own. The two of you moved slowly, lazily in time with one another, in no rush to finish your little act.

“Hmm, Jim” you moaned softly. Your head rested against the pillow and your eyes were closed. You had your arms wrapped around Jim’s large shoulders and were squeezing his warm flesh softly, just wanting to feel the man against you.

Jim kissed your lips again, moaning into your mouth before he moved his kisses down to your jaw and your neck, settling onto your collar bones where he began to softly bite your sensitive flesh. His large hands moved up to grip your breasts through his flannel, his long fingers pinching and massaging each of your nipples to stiff, hardened peaks.

Jim grunted softly with each stroke into you, breathing out in a rhythm your moans started to match. You gripped onto Jim’s shoulders tighter and pressed your hips more into Jim, trying to urge him to go faster.

Jim grunted deeply once and then picked up the pace, moving his hips harder and faster into you. Your pussy clenched against Jim’s cock, making each of his movements into you make you feel more full, more consumed by him. Jim let out a string of deep grunts and moved his arm quickly down to your core, grinding his thumb into your clit as he fast approached his climax.

The sudden stimulation made you jerk back slightly and squeal before you melted into his touch and felt the world crash around you, a heat spreading through your body and tingling through your limbs, making you let out deep, breathy moans as you came. Jim came soon after, his head resting against your shoulder, grunting out a steady stream of curses. Once he was finished he let out a deep breath and lifted his head up to look you in the eye.

You smiled down at his face, red and sweating, and leaned forward to kiss him. Jim smiled into your lips as he kissed you back. He pulled out of you and rolled over to your side, resting on his back with his arm still wrapped around your shoulder. The two of you took a few moments to catch your breath before Jim finally spoke.

“Okay, you can go run errands now,” He said with a laugh, quite amused with himself.

He reached over to the bedside table and grabbed a pack of smokes. He removed a cigarette from the pack and stuck it in his mouth before lighting it. He took a long drag of it then turned to you, a wide grin spread across his face.

“You’re coming with me,” you said as you stood up.

“Already did,” Jim said with a laugh.

“Oh, fuck you,” you said and started to head to the bathroom to shower.

“Already did that too,” Jim said and laughed again.

“Jim Hopper, you’re going to run errands with me and that’s final!” You yelled after you turned the water to the shower on.

“I know, I know!” Jim shouted back at you. He rolled his eyes, but couldn’t stop looking at the bathroom door and smiling, unable to think of anything else he’d rather do on a Sunday.